

GOLD

KEY

SON OF FLUBBER

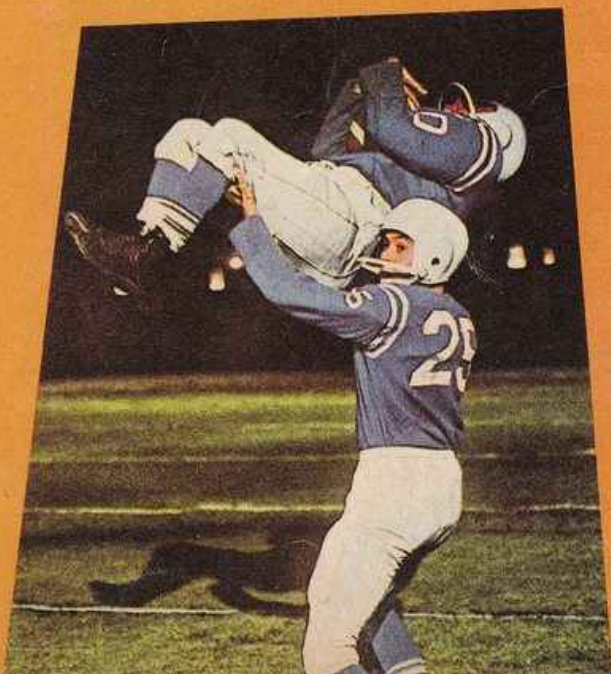
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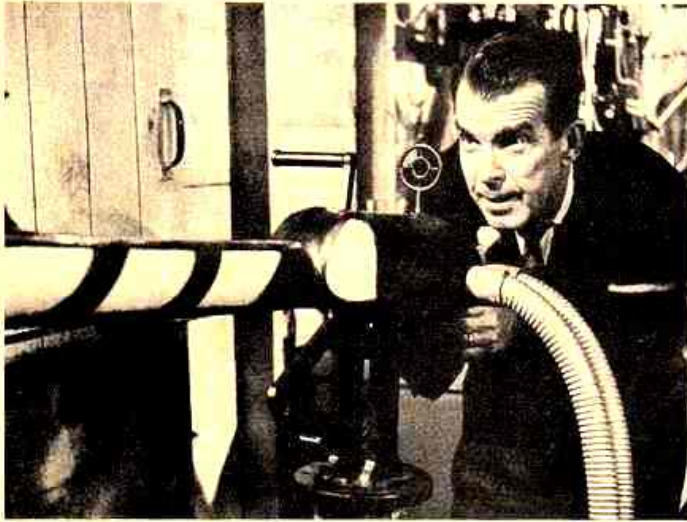
WALT DISNEY'S SON OF FLUBBER

**PROFESSOR BRAINARD BOUNCES
BACK WITH A WEATHER-MAKER
THAT HAS THE TOWN OF
MEDFIELD FLUBBERGASTED!**



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SON OF FLUBBER



Professor Ned Brainard has high hopes for his wonderful new invention, the weather gun. He's sure it will revolutionize life.



It does, for what could be more revolutionary than an indoor rainstorm? Brainard is delighted, but Charlie the pup is just wet.



Ned's students think the gun is keen, but they have their own project: a top-secret gadget to put new pep into college sports.



Ned's wife, Betsy Brainard, decides that a girl shouldn't have to use an umbrella in the house. She leaves for drier quarters.



Ned's neighbor doesn't know about weather guns, but he knows he has the leakiest milk truck in town. This means trouble for Ned.

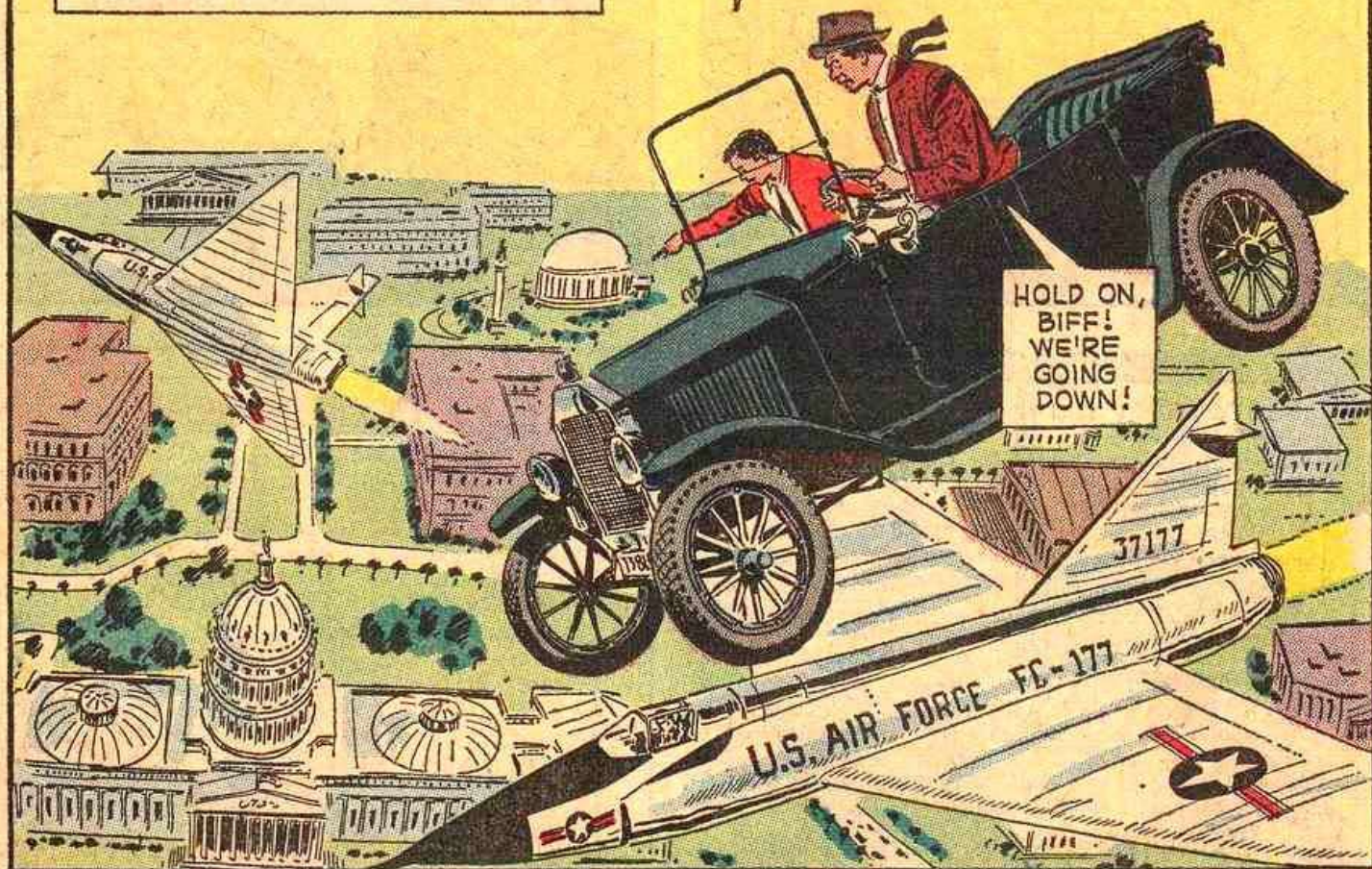


Things go from bad to awful. Soon even the dog starts giving the professor suspicious looks from his storm shelter under the rug.

Walt Disney's SON OF FLUBBER

ACCOMPANIED BY A UNITED STATES AIR FORCE ESCORT SQUADRON, PROFESSOR NED BRAINARD ARRIVES IN WASHINGTON, D.C. TO MEET WITH TOP MILITARY BRASS REGARDING HIS AMAZING DISCOVERY...FLUBBER...

THERE'S THE CAPITOL BUILDING, PROFESSOR!



SOON, IN A PENTAGON CONFERENCE ROOM...

GENTLEMEN, THERE IS ONE THING WE ALL AGREE ON... WE'RE CLAMPING A **TIGHT SECURITY LID** ON PROFESSOR BRAINARD'S INVENTION!

AFTER THE MISSILE LAG, WE DON'T WANT A FLUBBER FOUL-UP ON OUR HANDS!



THE COUNTRY'S NEEDS COME FIRST, SIR! BUT IF I COULD HAVE A **LITTLE** HELP... MY COLLEGE IS IN FINANCIAL TROUBLE AND...





...AND YOU'RE TURNING IT ALL OVER TO THEM? YOU'RE AN UNSELFISH MAN, PROFESSOR! IT'S A PRIVILEGE TO KNOW YOU!

THANK YOU... BUT WHAT I MEAN IS...



YOUR DISCOVERY IS BIG, PROFESSOR! WE'VE GOT TO HANDLE IT BIG!

LAY OUT A GRAND STRATEGY... THEN ONE FINE DAY WE'LL HIT THE BEACH AT CAPITOL HILL! THOSE MONEY-WATCHERS WILL GO DOWN LIKE NINEPINS!



BUT COULDN'T YOU JUST MANAGE A *TOKEN* PAYMENT? YOU SEE, WE DON'T NEED A LOT OF MONEY...

THIS IS WASHINGTON, BRAINARD! STOP TRYING TO BE *REASONABLE* ABOUT MONEY! IF YOU SETTLE FOR CHICKEN FEED NOW, IT BECOMES A CHICKEN FEED OPERATION!



NED HEADS BACK HOME GLUMLY...

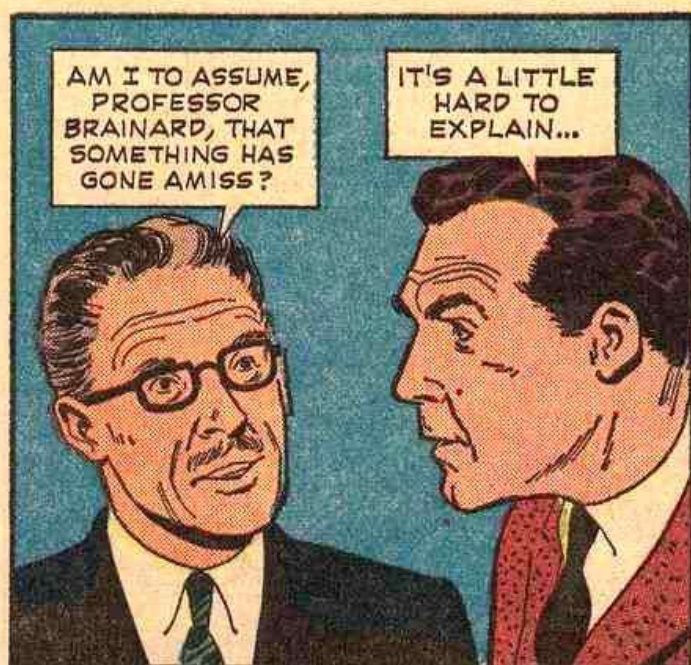
YOU'D THINK THOSE PENTAGON PEOPLE COULD HAVE GIVEN US A COUPLE HUNDRED THOUSAND OUT OF PETTY CASH!

YEAH! AND EVERYONE EXPECTS US TO COME HOME LOADED WITH LOOT!

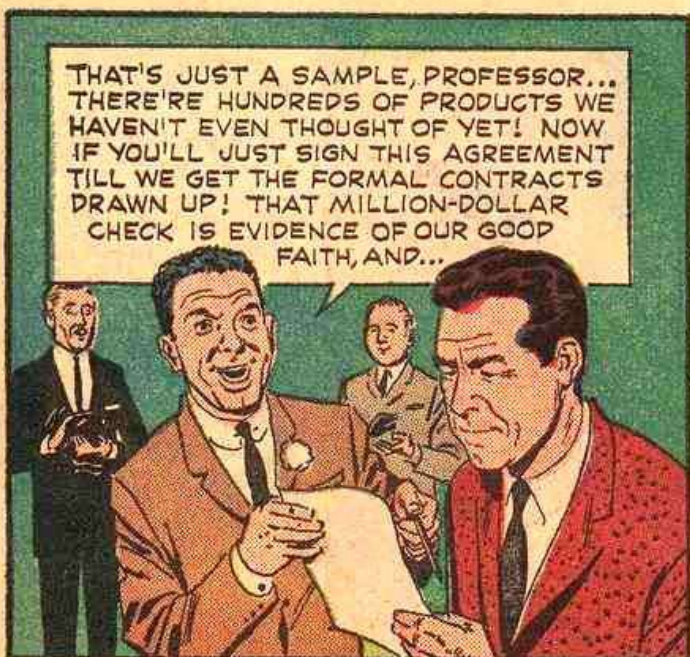
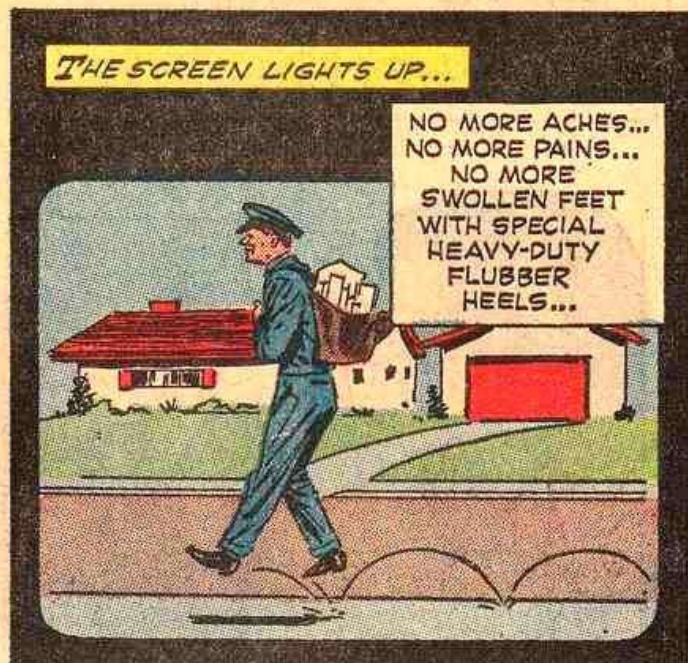
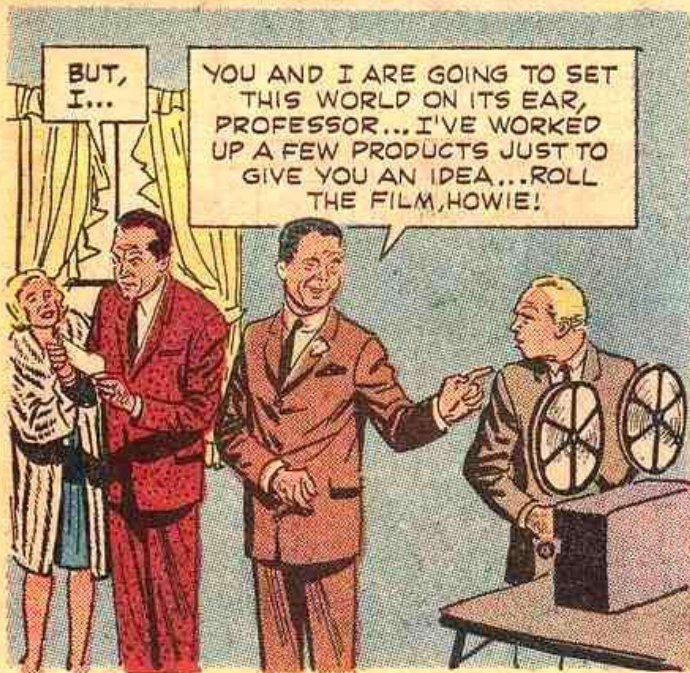


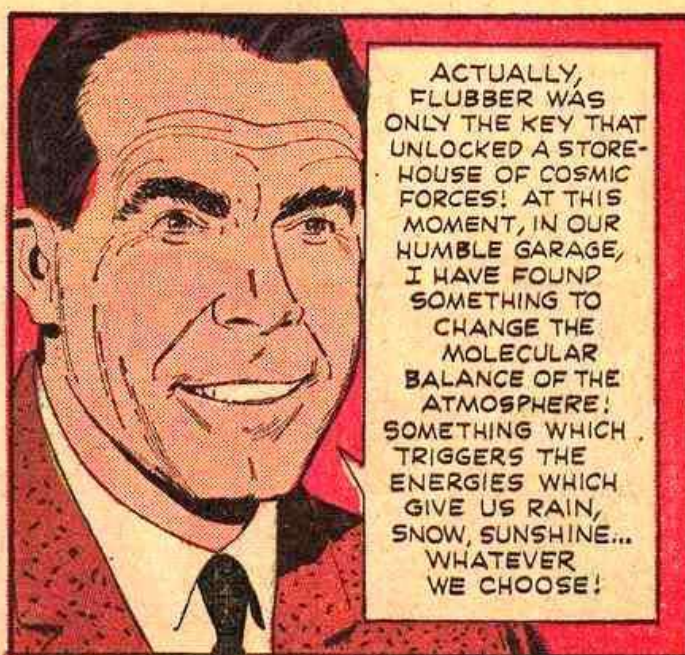
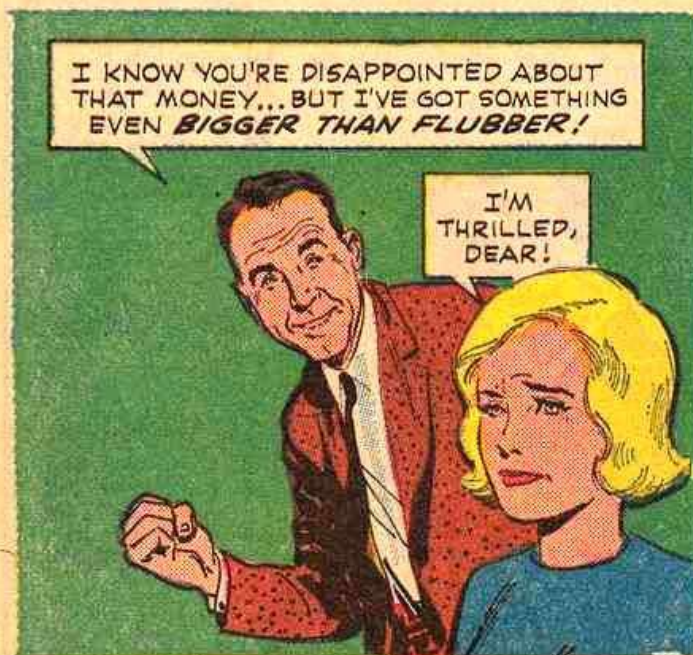
I CAN JUST SEE ALONZO HAWK LICKING HIS CHOPS NOW! HE'S BEEN DYING FOR A CHANCE TO MOVE IN AND TEAR THE SCHOOL DOWN ... OOPS, SORRY, BIFF! SOMETIMES I FORGET HE'S YOUR *FATHER*!

THAT'S OKAY! I LOVE MY POP, BUT HE'S THE BIGGEST LOAN SHARK IN THE STATE, AND I'M NOT GOING TO LET HIM GET AWAY WITH IT!

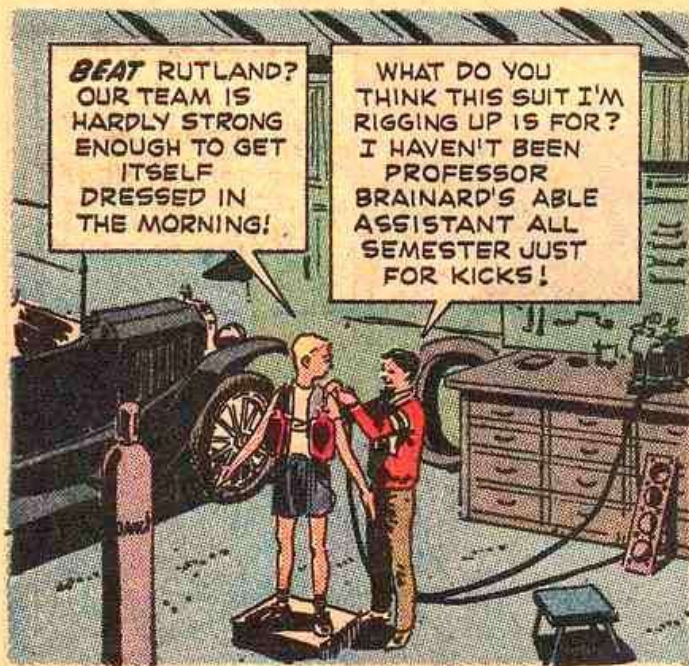


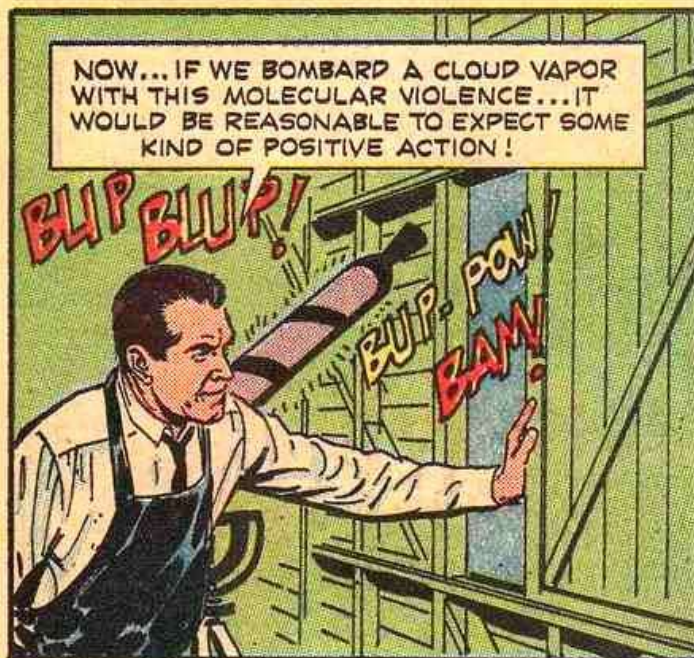


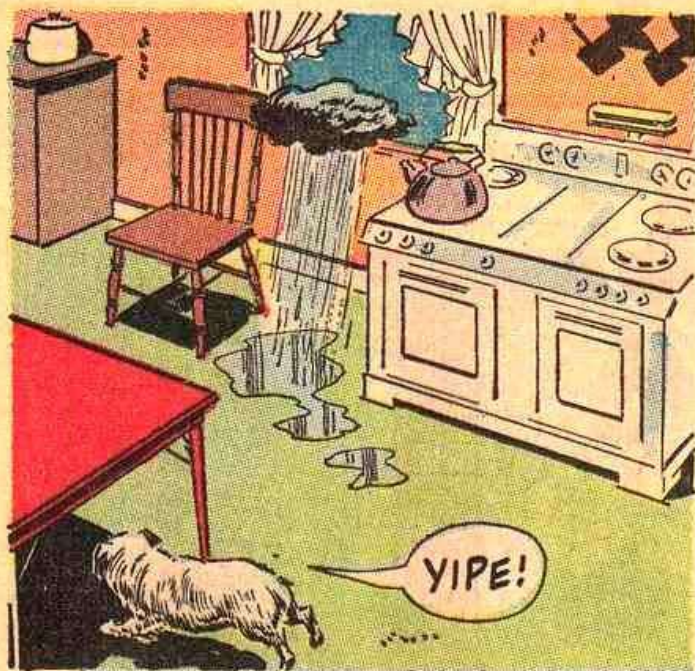




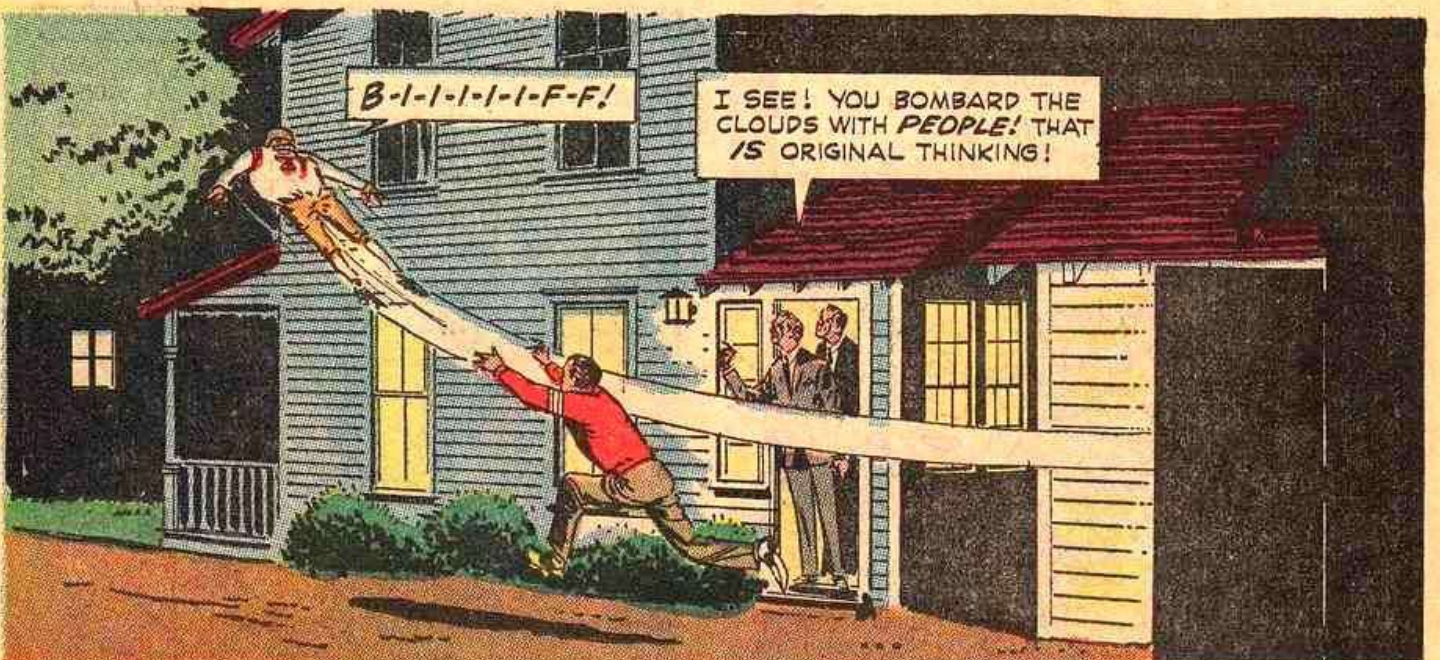
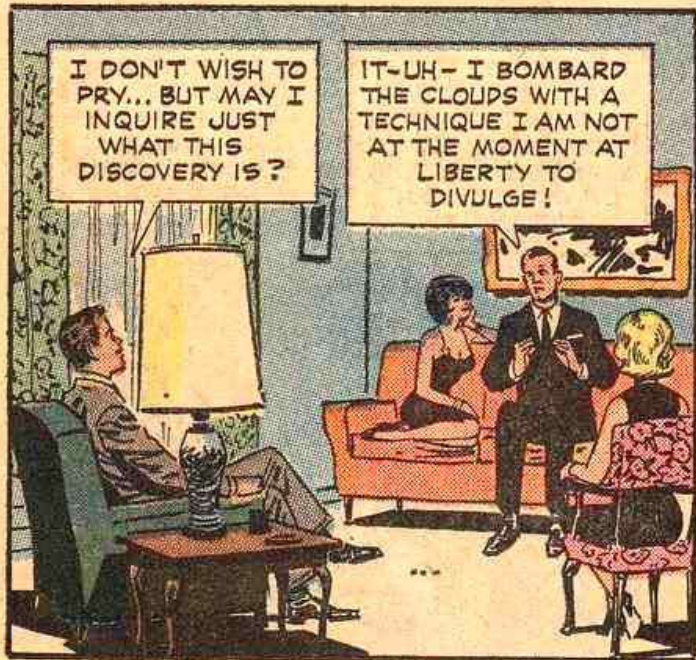


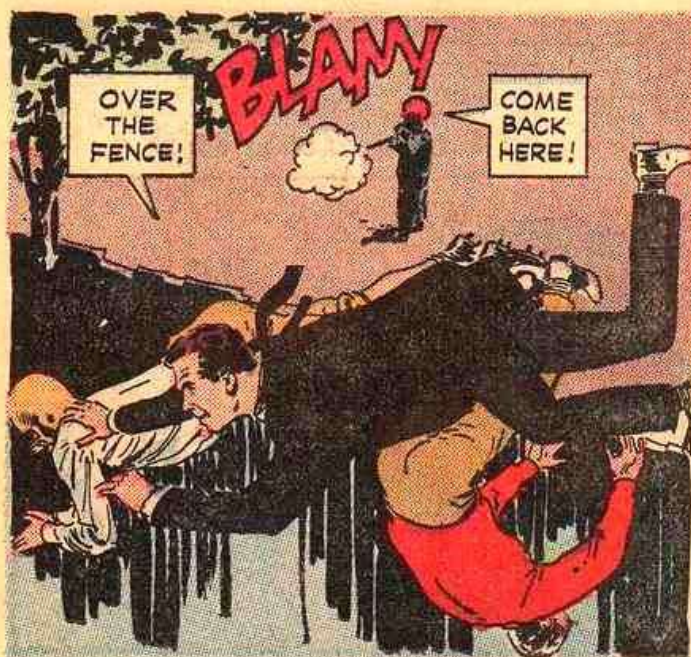
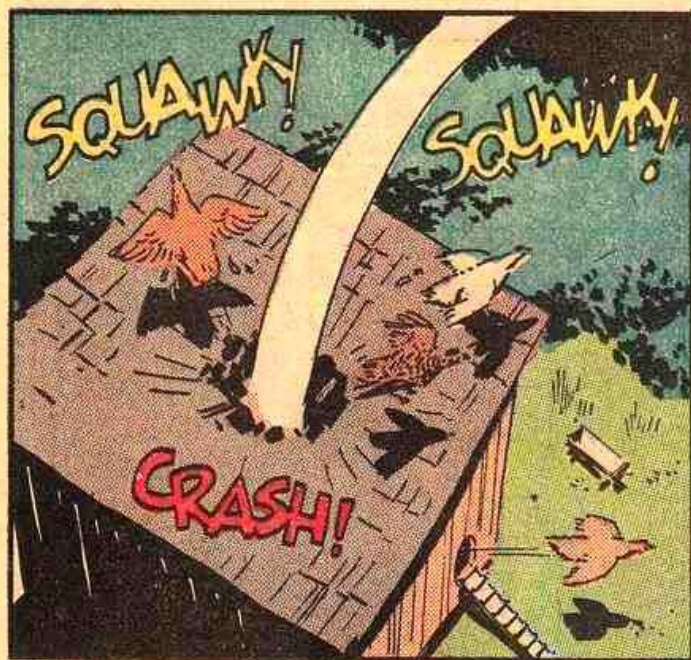
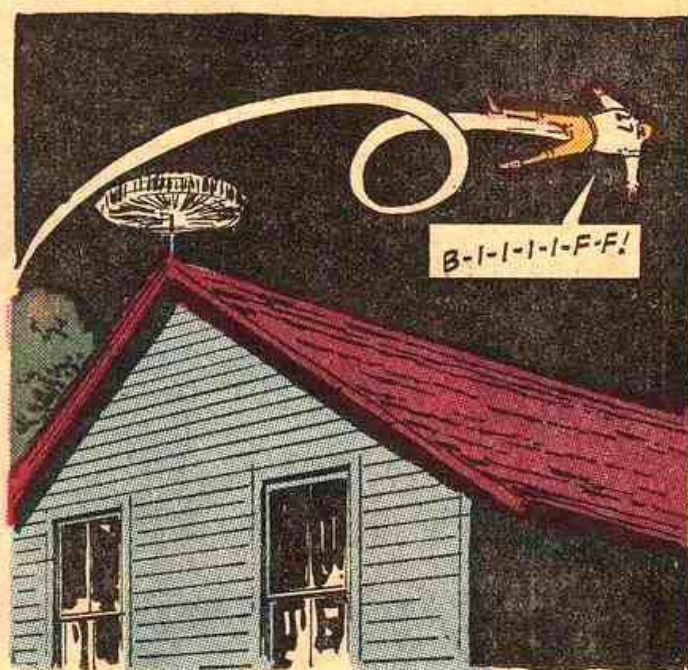
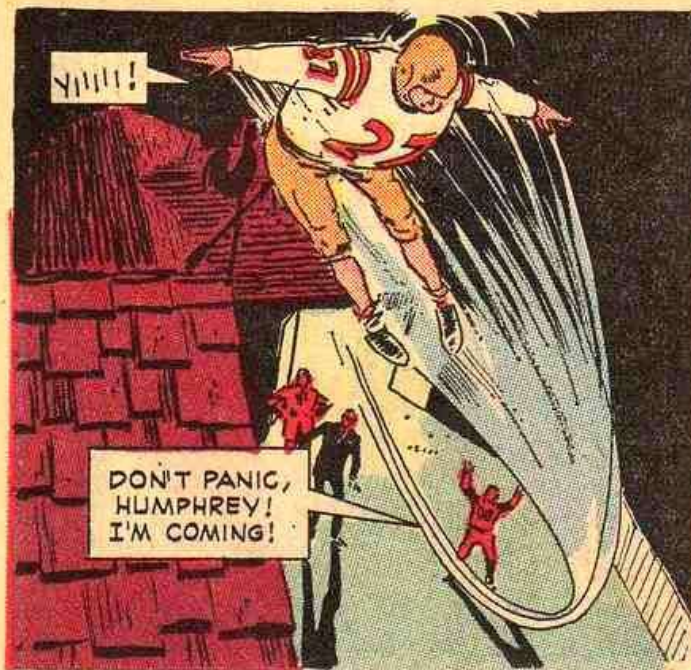














**THE
NEXT
DAY...**

HI, BOYS! YOU FEEL
ALL RIGHT NOW,
HUMPHREY?

OH, SURE! HUMPHREY'S
ALL GUNG HO! RARIN'
TO GO AGAIN!

HEY! WHAT'S WITH
THE GENERATOR,
PROFESSOR?



I FOUND ONE THING OUT YESTERDAY!
FLUBBERGAS HAS A CERTAIN
ANTAGONIZING EFFECT ON THE
ATMOSPHERE! TODAY I'M GOING TO
REALLY STIR IT UP!



THE GENERATOR'S TO
BUILD UP MY CANNON
POWER! I'M LOOKING
FOR BIG GAME TODAY!
LIKE THAT BIG FAT
CLOUD OUT THERE!



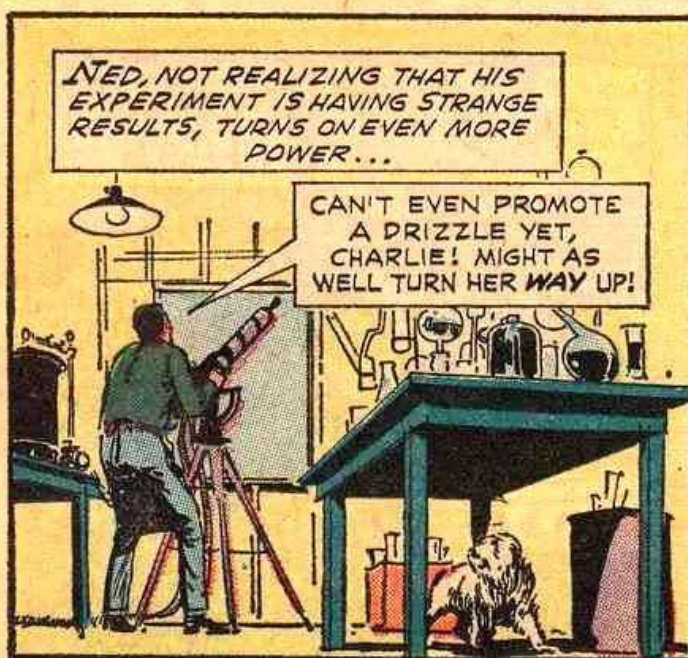
WELL, GOOD LUCK,
PROF! C'MON,
HUMPH! LET'S GET
BACK IN THE SUIT!

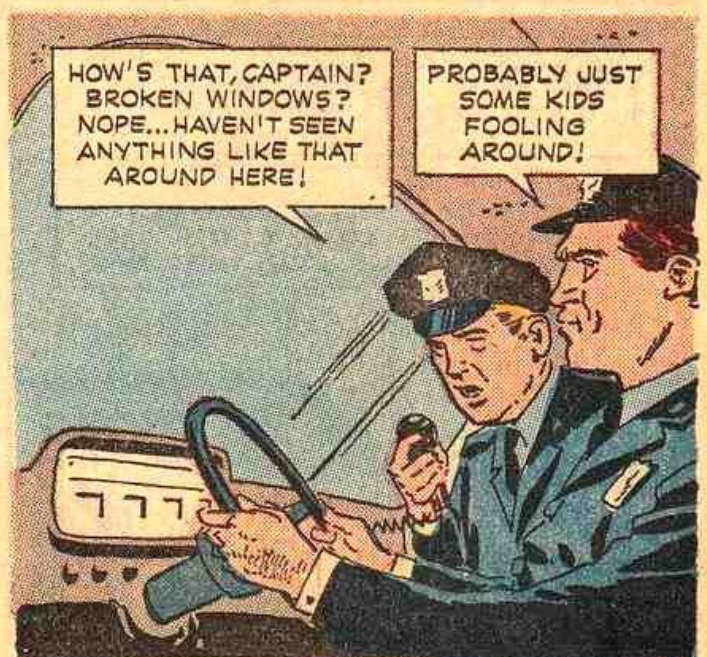
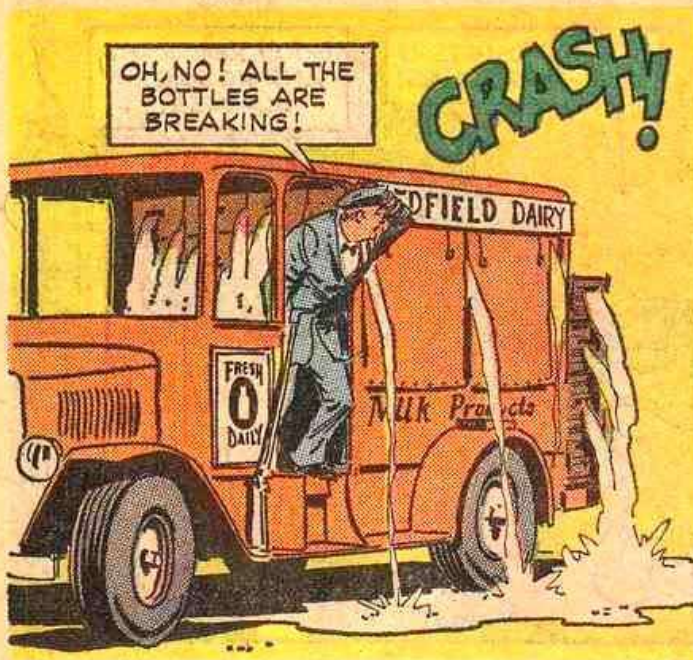
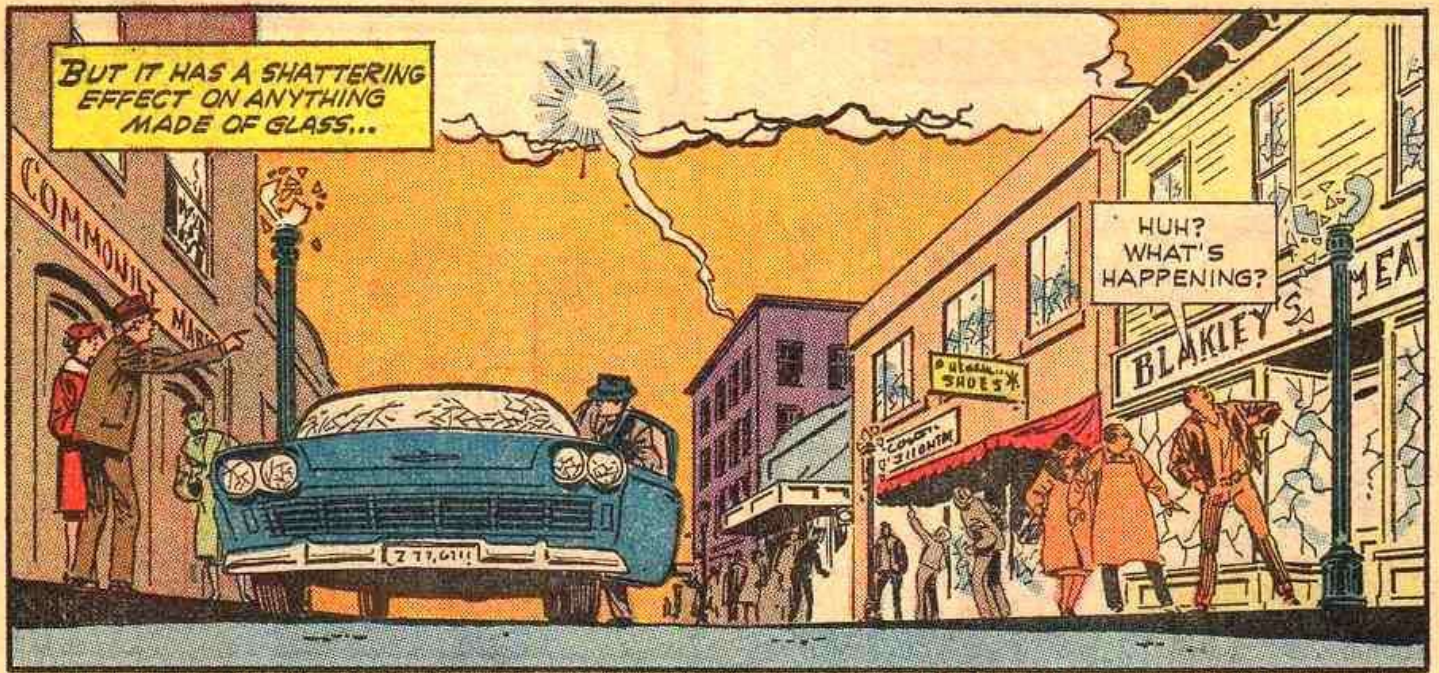
YOU'RE NOT GONNA
SHOOT ME OUT OF
THE GARAGE AGAIN,
ARE YOU?

BIFF NEVER
MAKES THE
SAME
MISTAKE
TWICE!

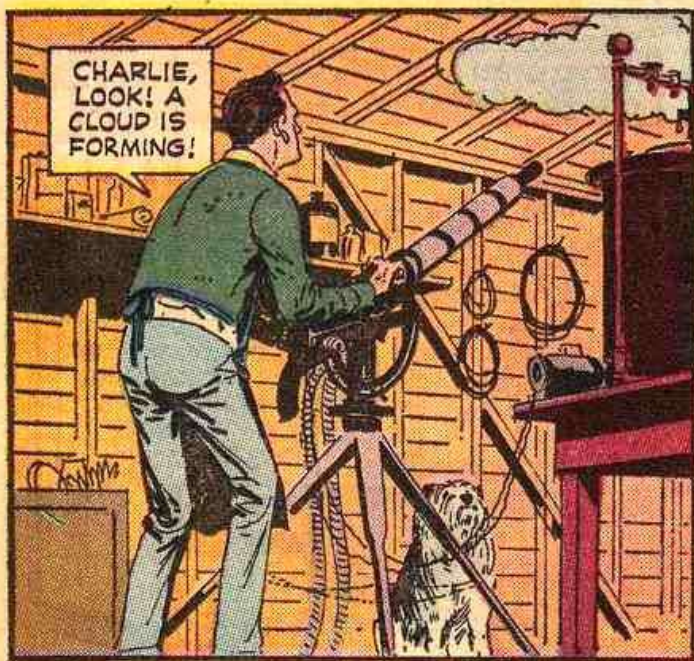
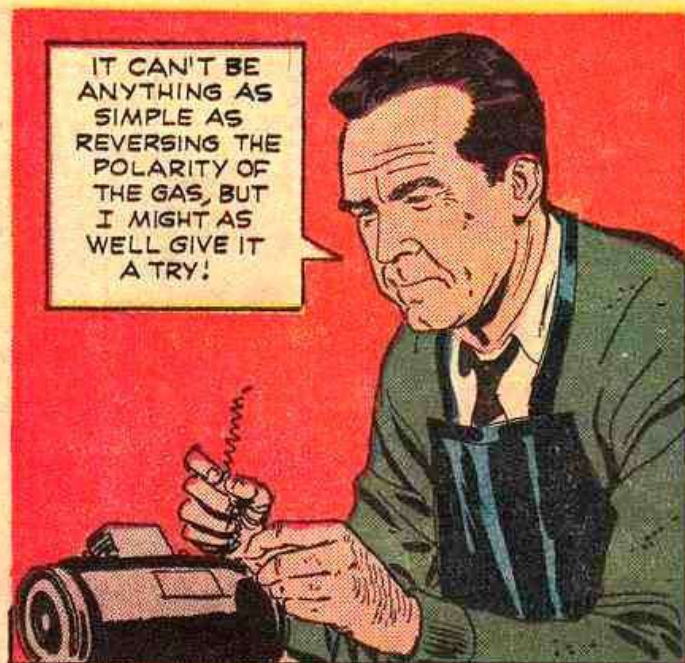


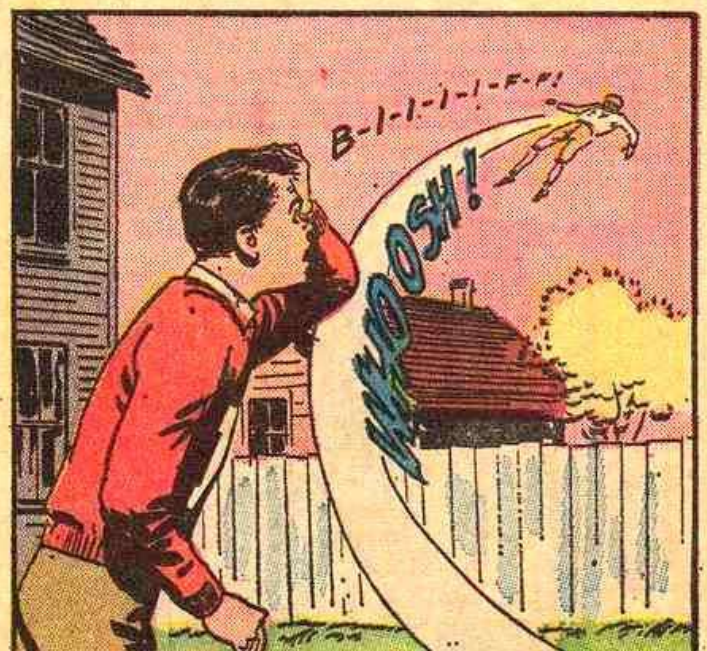
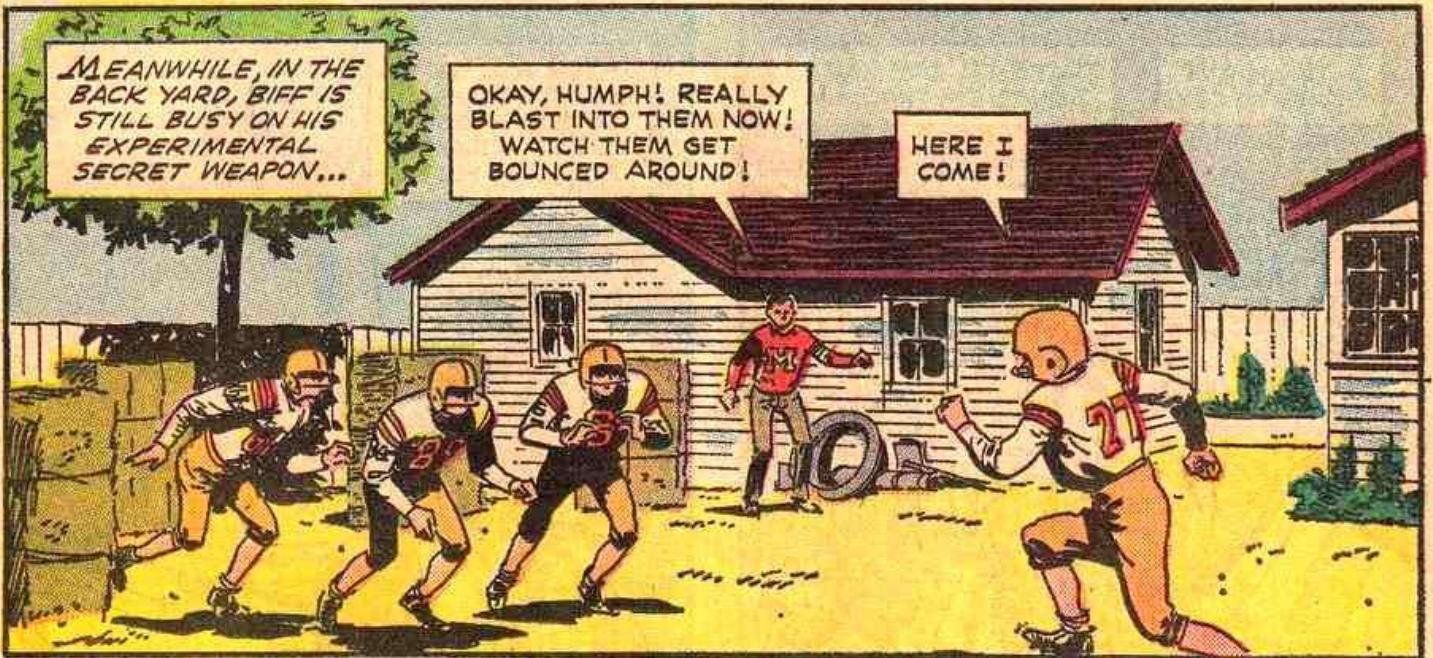
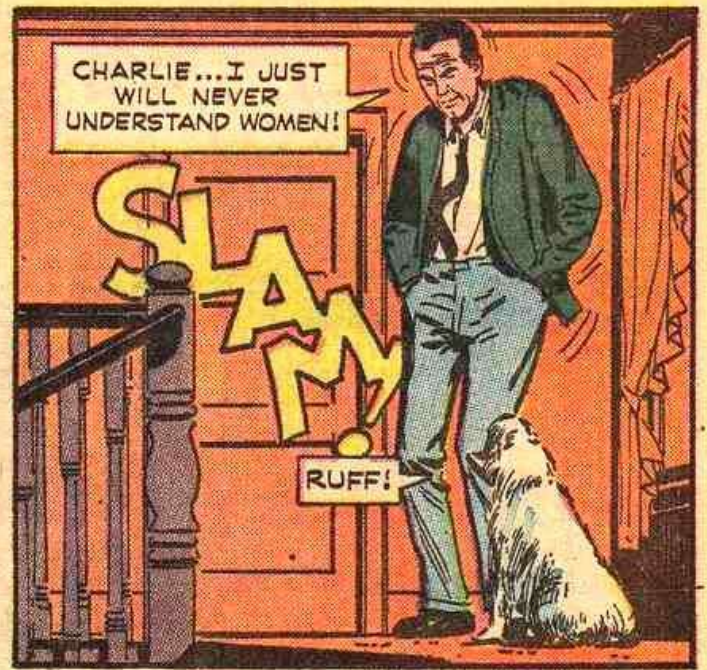
HMM...DISTANCE...ABOUT THREE MILES!
MIGHT BE A LITTLE FAR AWAY, BUT MAYBE
WE CAN GIVE THEM A LITTLE RAINSTORM
OVER IN LINCOLN COUNTY!

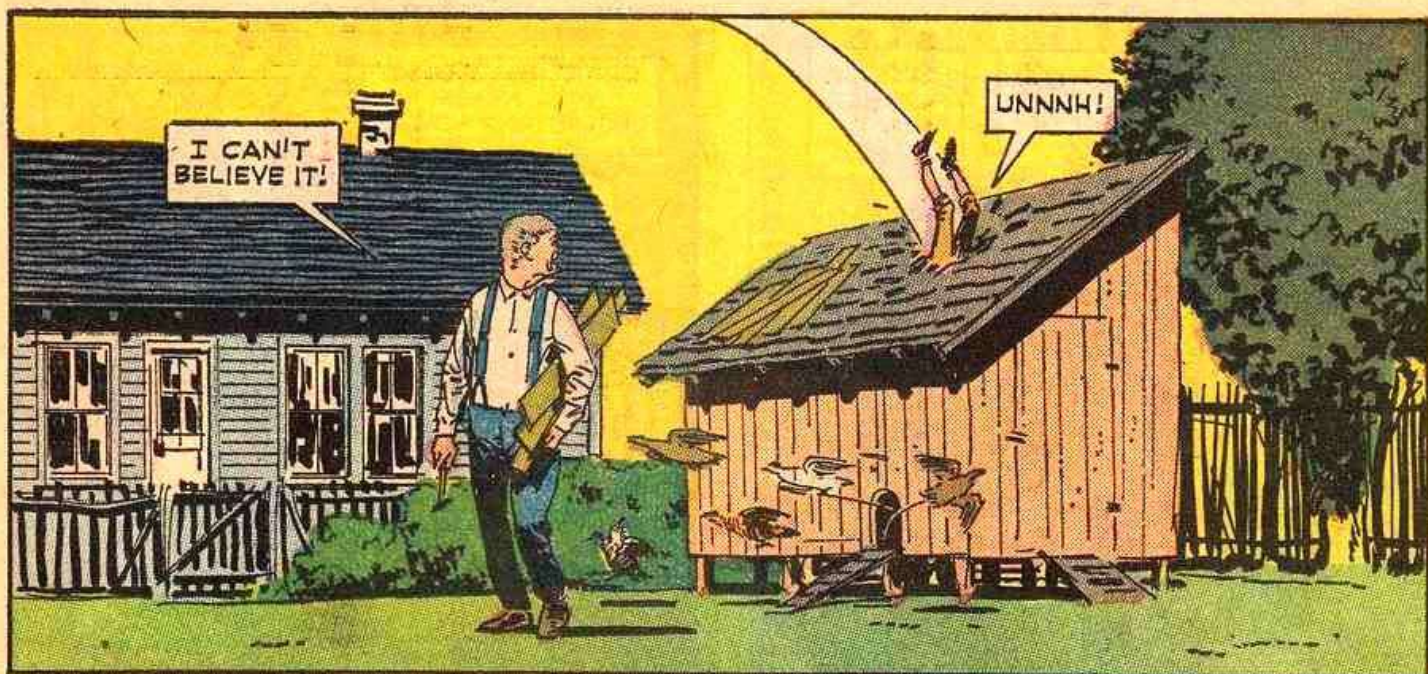


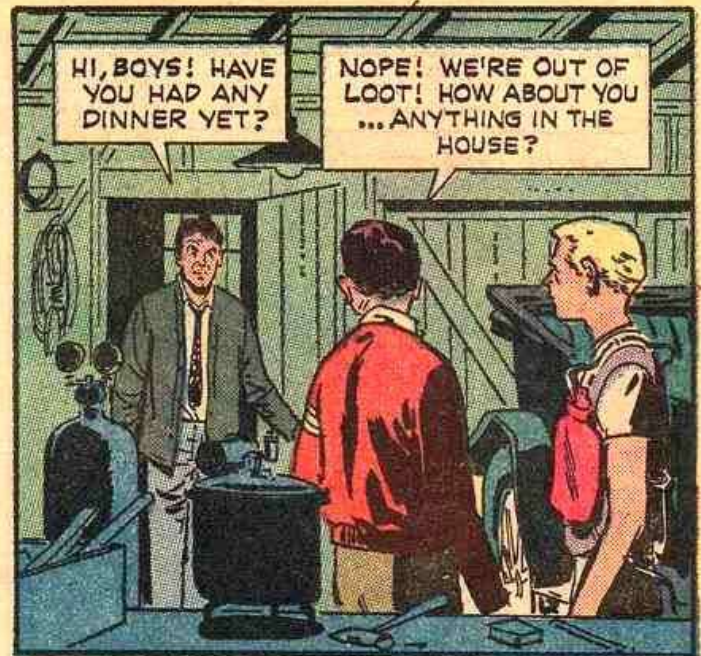




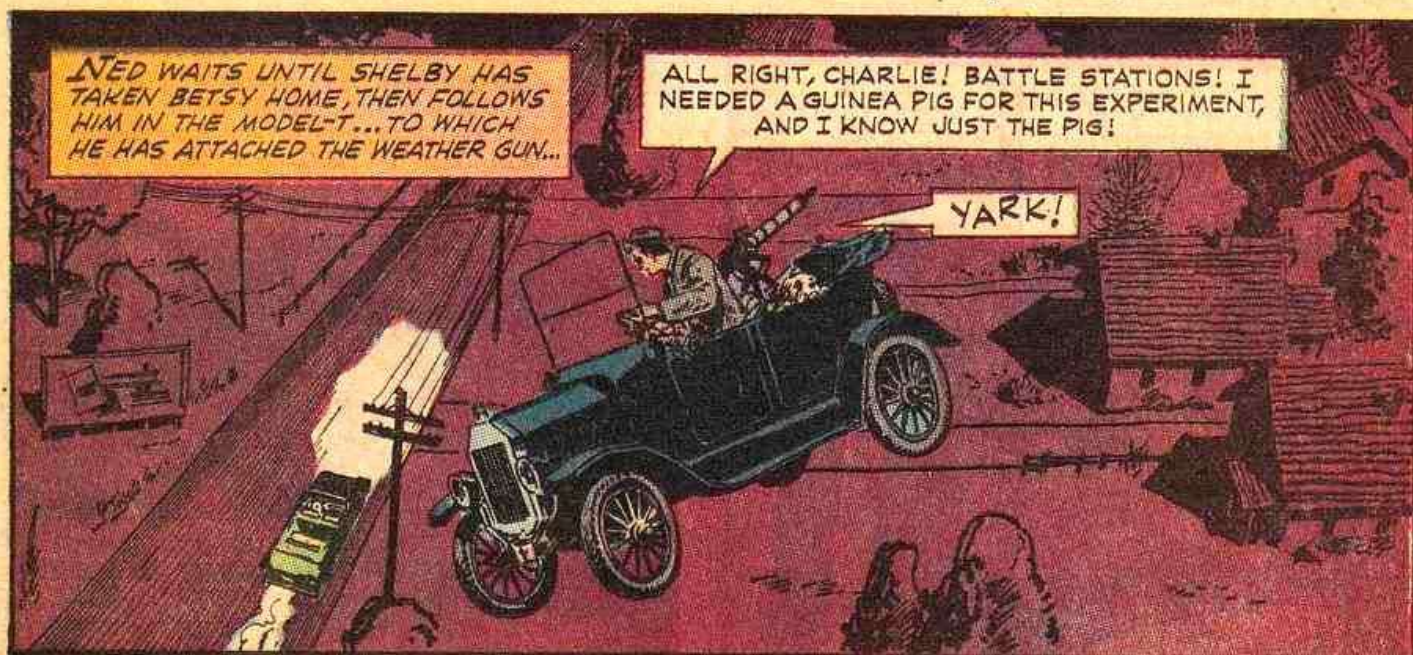






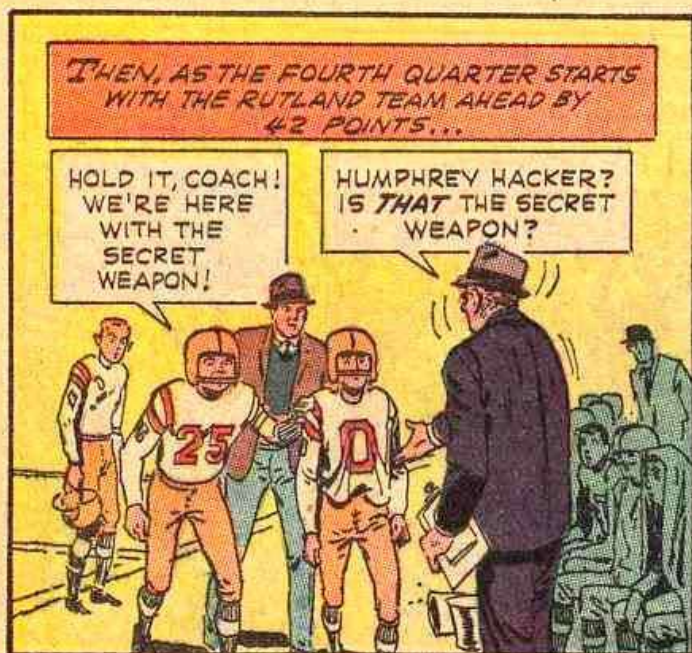
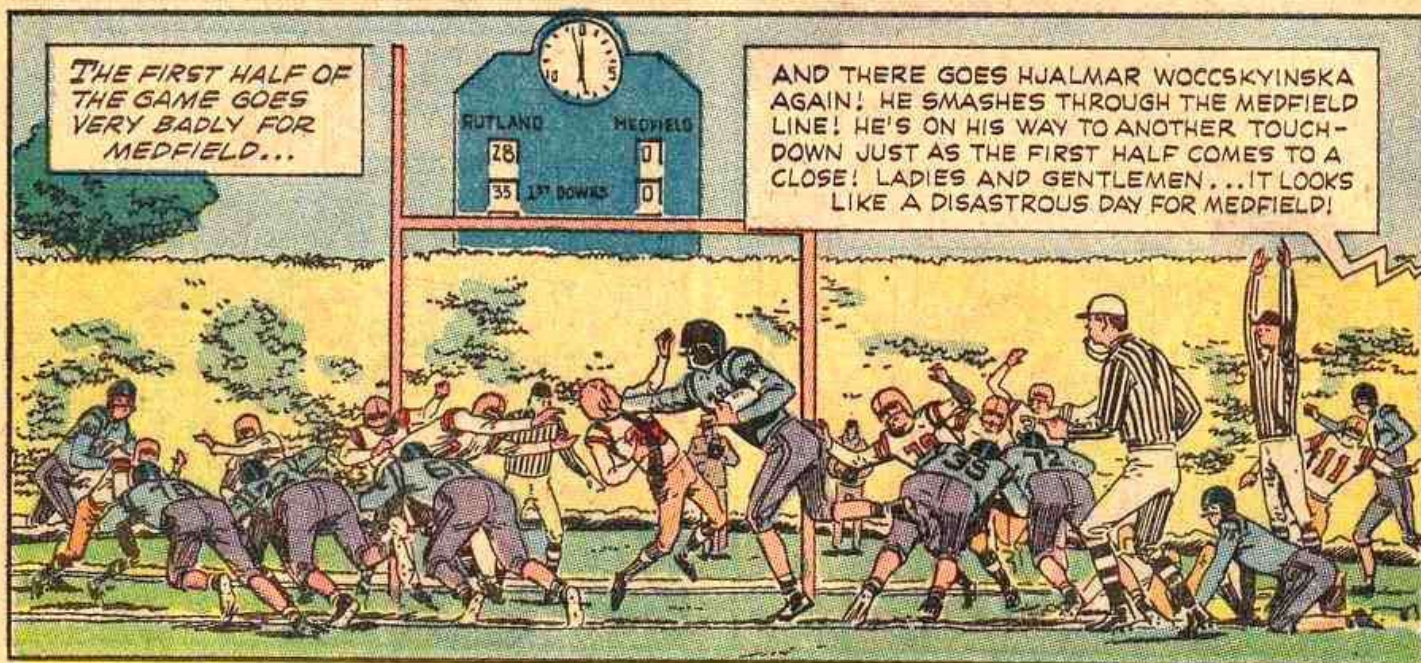
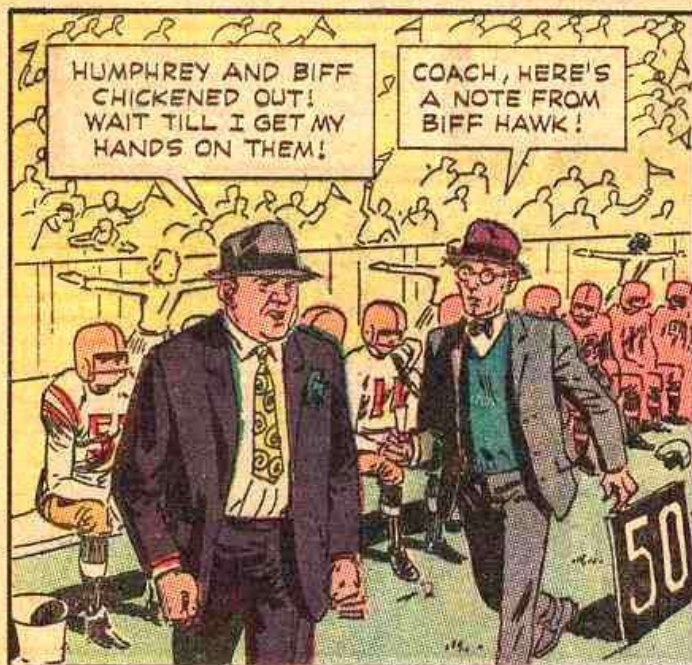


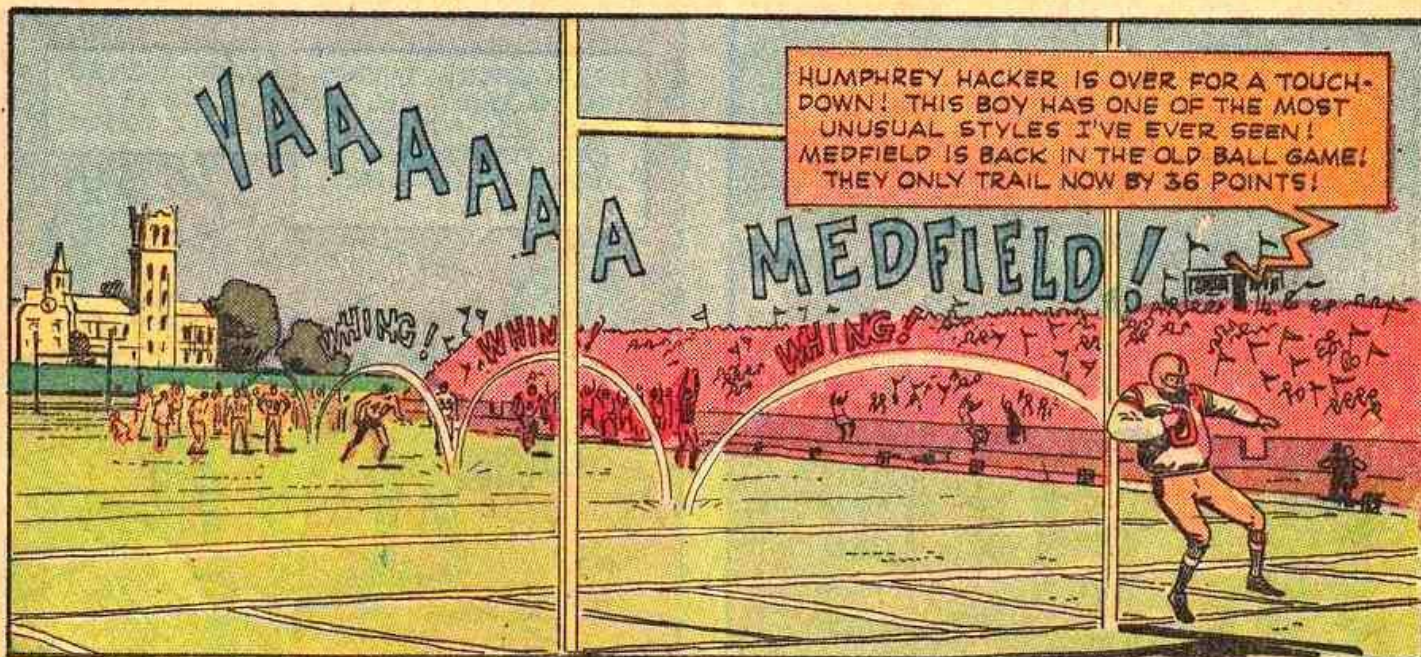
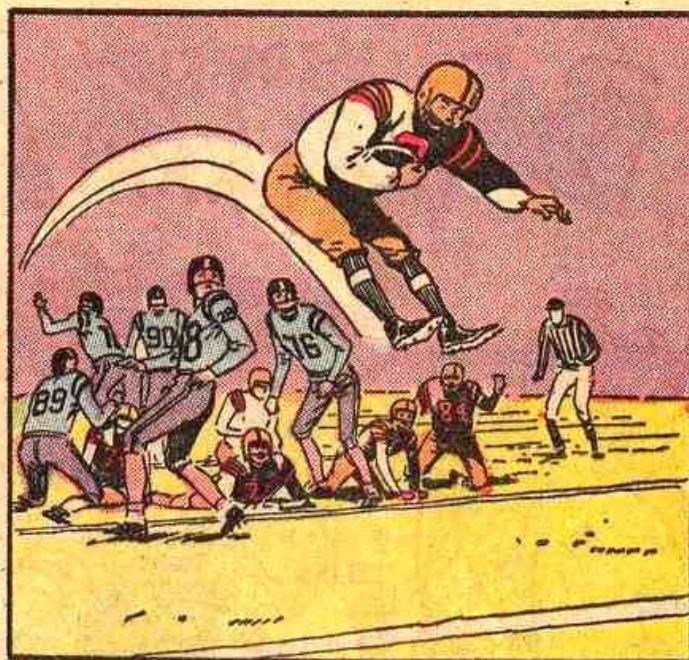
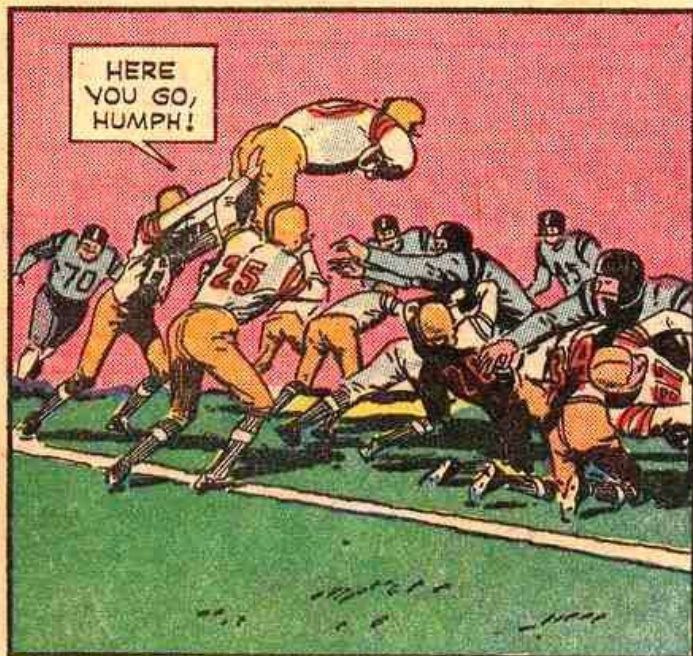
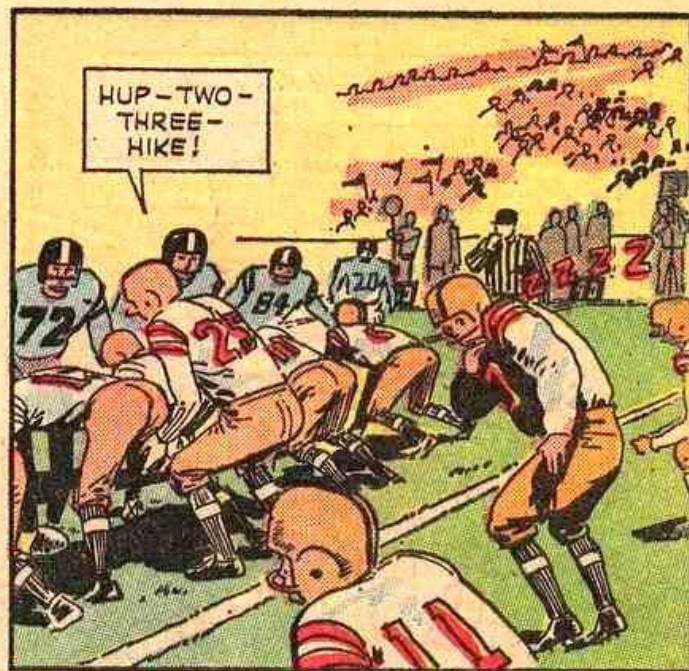


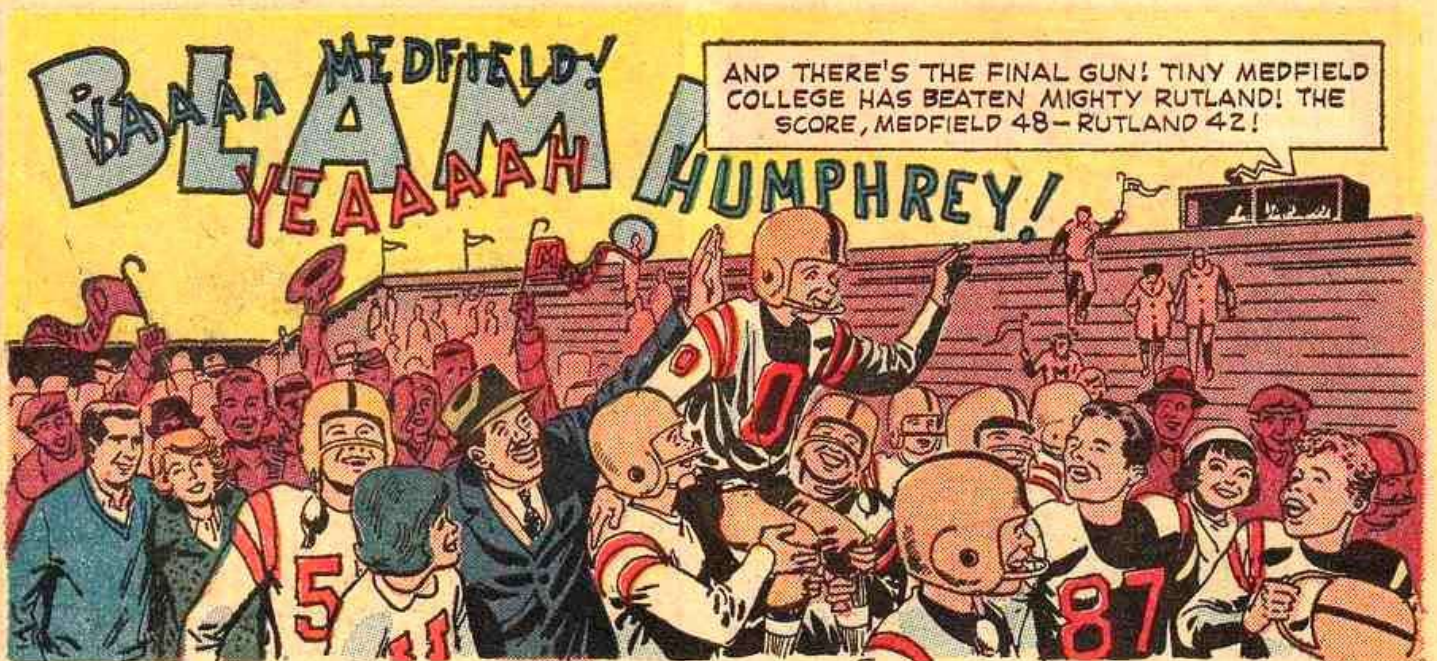












THE WHEELS OF JUSTICE TURN QUICKLY AND SOON...

THE COUNTY'S CRIMINAL DAMAGE SUIT AGAINST PROFESSOR NED BRAINARD TODAY SWINGS INTO ITS THIRD DAY WITH BRAINARD DUE TO TAKE THE STAND IN HIS OWN DEFENSE FOLLOWING A PARADE OF DAMAGING WITNESSES, INCLUDING CHIEF PROSECUTION WITNESS ALONZO HAWK...



...AND I JUST WANT YOU TO KNOW I ASSUME FULL RESPONSIBILITY FOR WHAT HAPPENED! IN TIME, I'LL SEE THAT EVERYONE IS REPAID! THAT'S A **PROMISE!**

PROFESSOR, YOU SEEM PROUD OF YOUR JOB AS A TEACHER!



EXTREMELY PROUD! NOT FOR MYSELF... BUT FOR THE OPPORTUNITY TO HELP YOUNG PEOPLE!

AND IF YOU WERE FOUND **GUILTY** BY THIS COURT, AND PUNISHED FOR THE ARRAY OF DAMAGES AND CRIMES...WHEN YOUR DEBT TO SOCIETY IS PAID... WOULD YOU RETURN TO THE CLASSROOM?



WOULD YOU CONTINUE AS BEFORE?

THERE ARE A LOT OF PEOPLE GOING AROUND THESE DAYS TRYING TO SELL FEAR! ALL KINDS OF FEAR! FEAR OF BOMBS, BUGS, SMOG, FALLOUT, EVEN FEAR OF MR. HAWK !



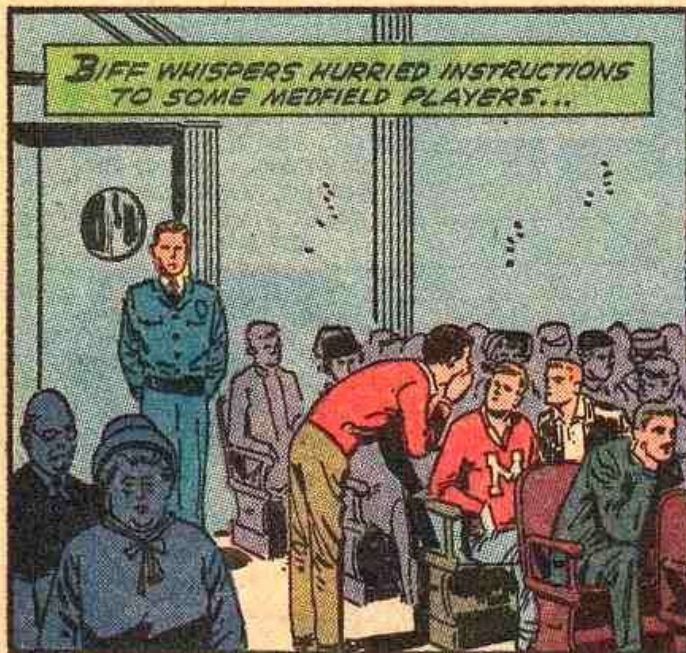
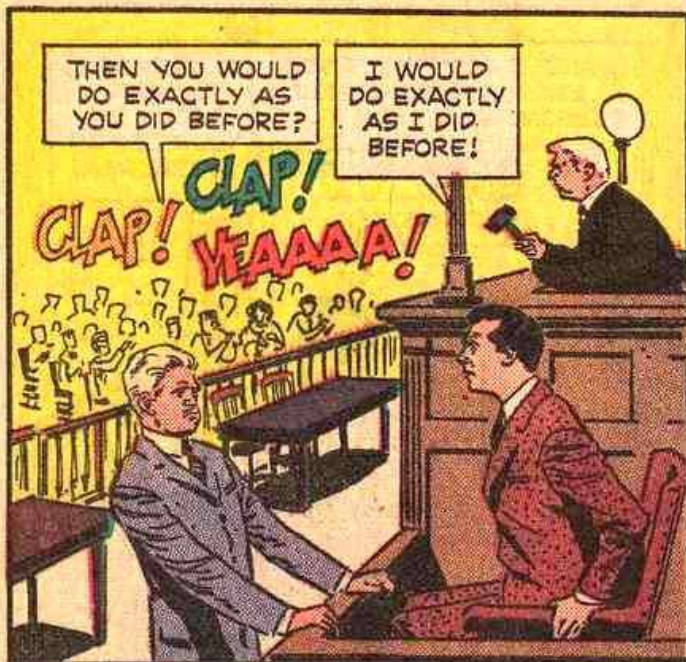
WE FIND OURSELVES APOLOGIZING... HIDING OUR HEADS, OR JUMPING AT SHADOWS! MY SCIENCE CLASSES HAVE GOOD WILL, ENTHUSIASM AND INFINITE CAPACITY FOR MAKING MISTAKES! I HAVE HIGH HOPES FOR THEM!

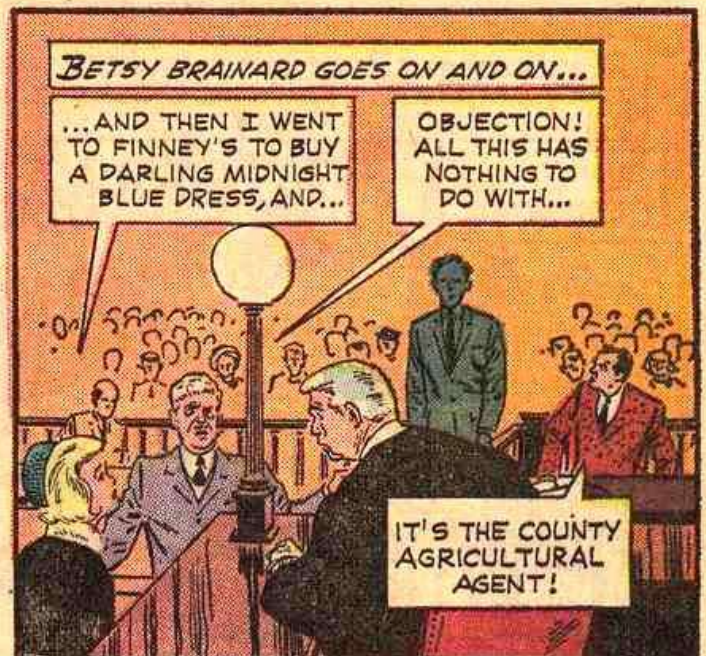
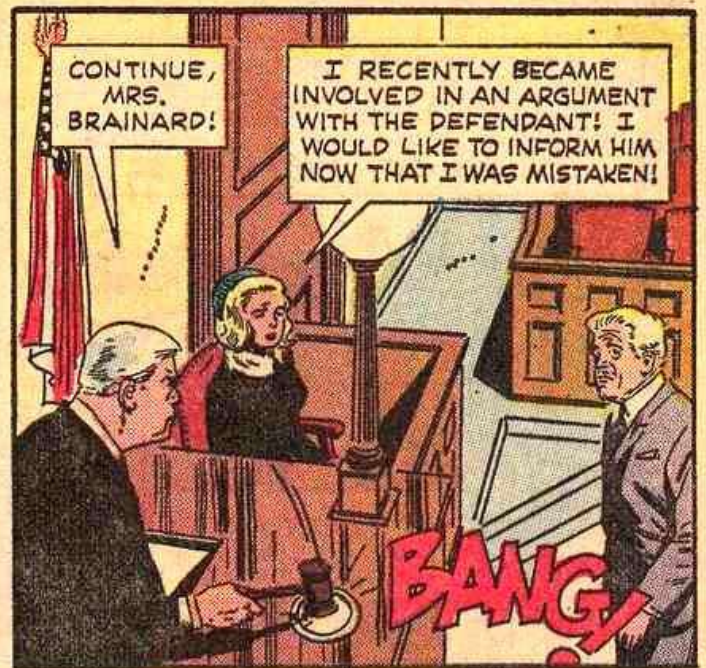
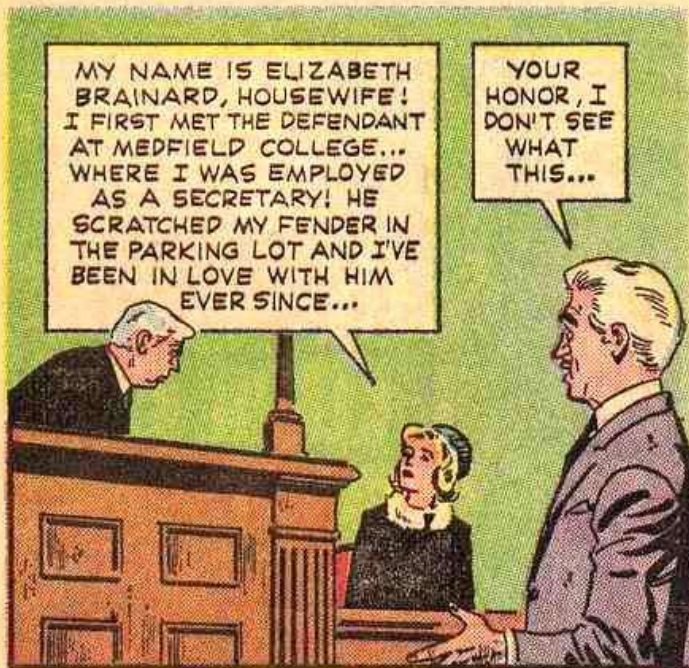


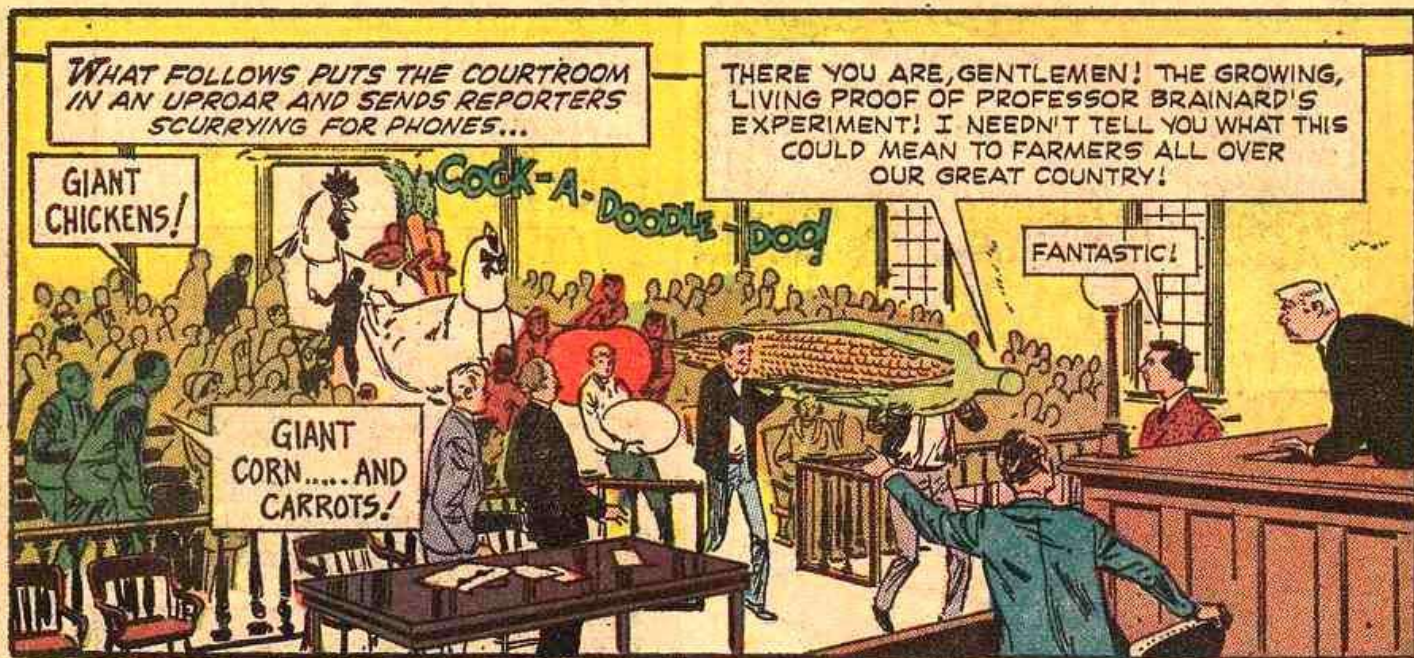
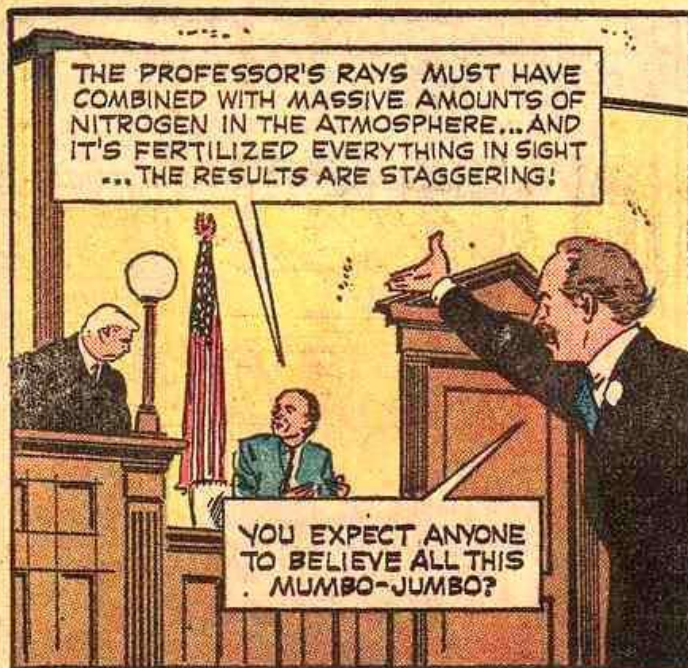
AM I TO UNDERSTAND THAT YOU ACTUALLY **ENCOURAGE** MISTAKES IN YOUR CLASSES?

THE ROAD TO GENIUS IS PAVED WITH FUMBLE-FOOTING AND BUMBLING! THE FELLOW WHO MAKES THE MOST MISTAKES MAY BE THE ONE WHO SAVES THE NECK OF THE WHOLE WORLD SOMEDAY!











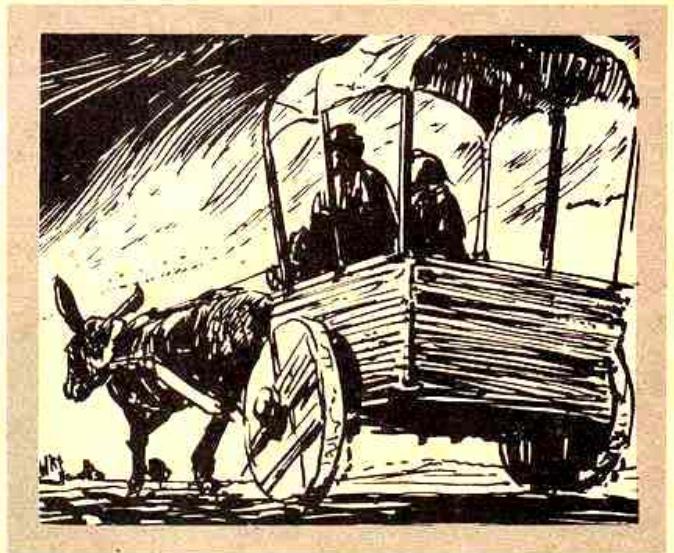
KEYS OF KNOWLEDGE

ROADS and VEHICLES

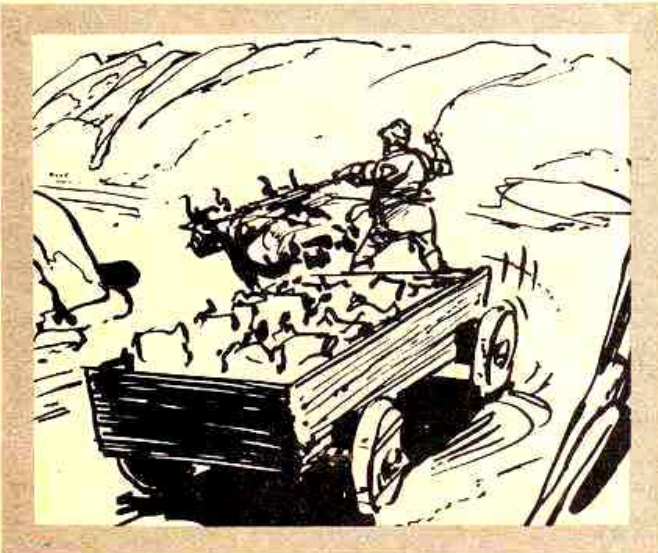
NUMBER 7

ROMAN VEHICLES

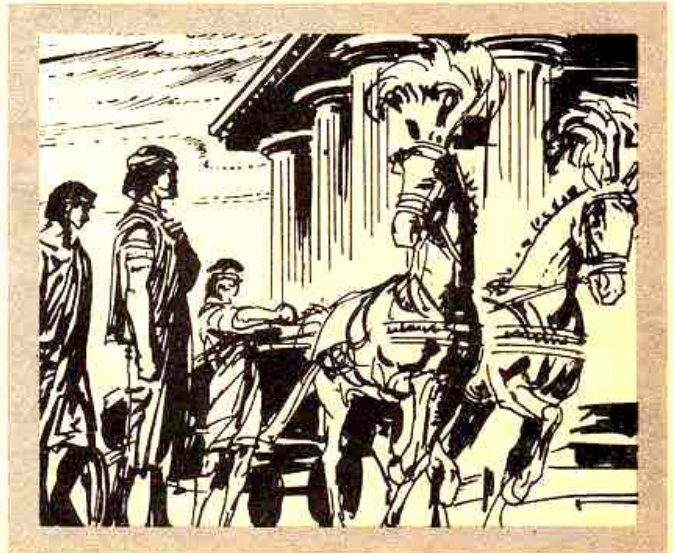
This is one of a series of information features in Gold Key Comics. Collect the whole series for useful knowledge.



Romans had carts for all uses. The *carpentum* was used for light work. A skin roof shielded the passengers from the sun and the rain.



The four-wheeled *carruca* could carry a much larger load. But the front wheels could not pivot, and a sharp turn was difficult to make.



Funerals were elaborate. A wealthy Roman was carried to his tomb in a special funeral cart drawn through the streets by plumed horses.



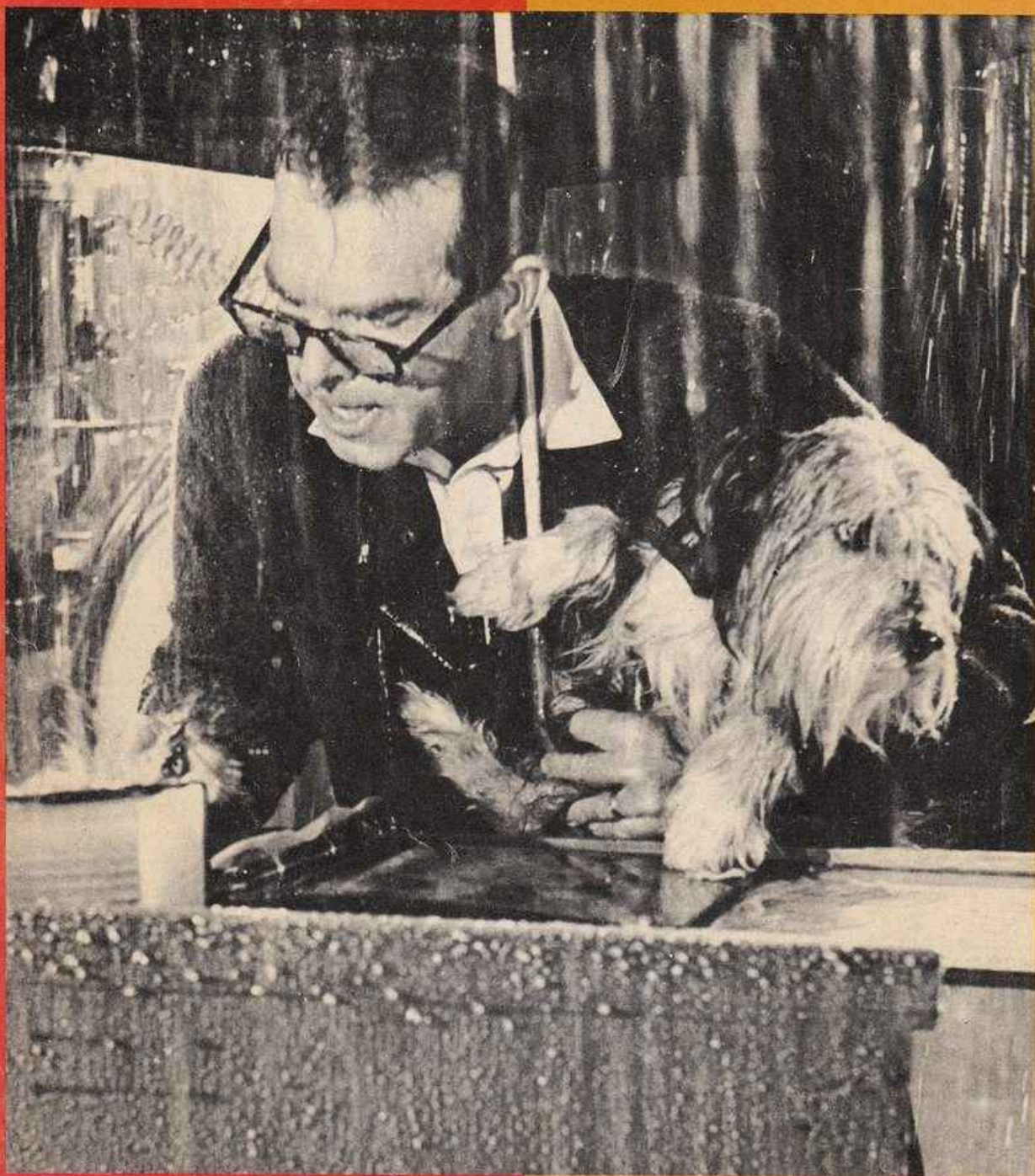
The modern tank-truck may be a descendant of the Roman tank-wagon. Roman wine merchants used this vehicle to transport wine in bulk.



Roman nobles often used a litter for travel. This was a covered and curtained couch carried by slaves. Footmen cleared the way.

SON OF FLUBBER

PIN-UP



FRED MacMURRAY